THE

BLIND CHILD,

OR

ANECDOTES

OF THE

WYNDHAM FAMILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE USE OF

YOUNG PEOPLE.

By a LADY.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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PREFACE.

IT has always been my opinion, that a perſon of genius, who dedicates ſuperior talents to the inſtruction of young people, deſerves the higheſt applauſe and the moſt enthuſiaſtic admiration. To write with a conſtant attention to the limited underſtanding or information of children; to reſtrain a lively imagination, and employ a mind capable of

the moſt brilliant purſuits on ſubjects of a puerile kind, ſeems to be a ſort of heroic ſacrifice of gratification to virtue, which I cannot doubt is acceptable to the Supreme Being.

We have, in the preſent age, many ſtriking examples of this kind. The names of Barbauld and Genlis will be ſufficient to prove this, although with them many others might undoubtedly claim that immortal honor, which the union of genius with virtue ought always to beſtow.

To rank with ſuch characters as theſe, however it may be my ambition,

tion, will, I fear, never be my lot! But a noble emulation, whether or not it be ſucceſsful, can never be deſpicable, and whatever are my talents, the deſire of making them ſubſervient to the cauſe of virtue, will, at leaſt, be approved by the candid and the good: to *them* I dedicate the following ſimple pages, happy, moſt happy, if they ſerve to awaken in the riſing generation, that lively wiſh for goodneſs they were intended to inſpire.

My principal aim, it will be ſeen, is to repreſs that exceſſive ſoftneſs of heart, which too frequently involves its poſſeſſor in a train of evils,

and which is by no means true *ſenſibility*, that exquiſite gift of heaven, which no one can eſteem more highly than myſelf, though its abuſe every day ſerves more and more to convince me, it can never be ſufficiently diſcouraged and contemned. With this ſhort explanation of the motives which have induced me to give this work to the public, I reſign it with implicit obedience to the decrees of thoſe who are much more able than myſelf to judge of its merits.

" YET while I hail the Sympathy Divine,
Which makes, O man! the wants of others thine;
I mourn heroic juſtice ſcarcely own'd,
And *principle* for *ſentiment* dethron'd!
While feeling boaſts her ever tearful eye,
Stern *truth*, firm *faith*, and manly *virtue* fly!

—As

—As this ſtrong feeling tends to good or ill,
It gives freſh power to vice or principle;
'Tis not peculiar to the wiſe and good,
'Tis paſſion's flame, the virtue of the blood.
But to divert it to its proper courſe,
There wiſdom's power appears, there reaſon's force.
If ill directed it purſues the wrong,
It adds new ſtrength to what before was ſtrong:
Breaks out in wild, irregular deſires,
Diſorder'd paſſions and illicit fires.
But if the virtuous bias rule the ſoul,
This lovely feeling then adorns the whole,
Sheds its ſweet ſunſhine on the moral part,
Nor waſtes on fancy what ſhould warm the heart."

SENSIBILITY.—*By Miſs Moore.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 APR 63

THE

BLIND CHILD.

MR. Wyndham, of whoſe family I am about to relate ſome anecdotes, was an eminent merchant; he married an amiable woman, by whom he had four children. Their reſidence during the winter was in one of the beſt ſtreets in the city of London, and in the ſummer months at his fine eſtate in the country, on which he had built an elegant houſe, and where the riches his induſtry and that

of his father had gained, were partly employed in decorating his grounds, and partly diſtributed with a liberal hand among the neighbouring poor. But it is not of Mr. Wyndham only I mean to ſpeak, though his benevolence, his probity, and various virtues, might well employ a more able hiſtorian than myſelf; it is true, he will ſometimes appear to great advantage in the following pages; but ſince I addreſs myſelf to a youthful claſs of readers, it is probable they will be more intereſted in what reſpects his children. It is their diſpoſitions, their conduct, their manners, I mean to deſcribe, and Mr. Wyndham will appear in a more amiable light as their father than any other; as a good mother too, Mrs. Wyndham will, I doubt not, excite many

grateful

grateful compariſons in my young friends, who will read in her character thoſe virtues which have been exerted by their own mothers, and not one ſentiment of regret will, I hope, be awakened by a review of her actions, except in that feeling youthful boſom which mourns the loſs of an indulgent parent.

Mr. Wyndham's eldeſt child was a daughter, named Emily; ſhe was at the time when this hiſtory commences, juſt turned of fourteen, and at that age gave promiſe of every amiable and virtuous quality; I ſay gave *promiſe*, becauſe at that time of life the character cannot be decided. Neither had ſhe been injudiciouſly brought forward according to the faſhion of the times, which, haſtening the

ſummer of life, ſhortens the ſpring, and conſequently denies a proper time for the unfolding of the ſilken bud, and forces an immature fruit, neither fair to the ſight, nor pleaſing to the taſte. This reflection, excited by my ſubject, may, I hope, be excuſed; for ſhould my young readers paſs it over as unimportant *now*, it may hereafter recur to their memory, as neither untrue, nor unintereſting.

Emily, with a form of the moſt delicate order, had been accuſtomed ſo early to habits of induſtry and exerciſe, that her frame had acquired a ſtrength which nature had denied, and her countenance a bloom which enlivened it with the moſt graceful vivacity. She was not a beauty, but ſhe was perfectly agreeable; her healthy

healthy appearance, her intelligent and modeſt ſmile, the ingenuous candor which ſhone in her eyes, gave her charms infinitely preferable to a cold regularity of features, becauſe they were graces which roſe from the heart, and could not have exiſted without a correſponding ſweetneſs of diſpoſition. In the mild countenance and elegant manners of Emily you might read the excellence of her temper and the intelligence of her ſoul. In her eyes, as in a mirror, you ſaw reflected every motion of her heart; ſhe was without diſguiſe, and her natural graces were infinitely preferable to any which art and affectation could have taught her: but her character will reveal itſelf, and my young readers, though charmed with Emily, may be impatient to hear more

of

of her brother and ſiſters. Mr. Wyndham's ſecond child was a ſon, near twelve years of age, he was named Arthur, and he deſerved, equally with Emily, the affection of his parents; he was naturally of a bold impetuous diſpoſition, which they had taken the utmoſt pains to keep within due bounds, and had ſo far ſucceeded, that, except in a very few inſtances, his behaviour was perfectly becoming; ſometimes, indeed, his natural impatience ſubjected him to inconvenience, but that Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham did not much regret, becauſe it ſerved to convince him how right they were, when they warned him againſt yielding to the eagerneſs of his temper; he had an excellent ſenſe, great tenderneſs of heart, and a moſt affectionate diſpoſition, which

ſhewed

ſhewed itſelf to peculiar advantage in his behaviour to his ſiſters. To the ſecond of them he was even more mindful than to the others; alas! ſhe moſt needed his attention. She was nine years old, her name was Helen, and when ſhe was about a year old, ſhe had the misfortune of loſing her ſight by a violent cold, ſo that ſhe was now entirely blind, her fine dark eyes turned mournfully round without receiving a ſingle ray of light. She had become blind ſo young, that ſhe had no idea of the objects before her; ſhe knew not what was meant by the ſun, the moon or any thing that was talked of as beautiful; and what ſtill more affected her tender heart, ſhe knew not the countenances of her father and mother!—What grief to them was this ſad affliction! with

what

what anguiſh did they perceive the impoſſibility of giving her equal advantages of education with their other children! with what ardor did they pray for the reſtoration of her ſight!

The youngeſt was alſo a girl; ſhe was about ſeven years old, and was named Maria; ſhe was very pretty, very gentle and ſweet in her temper, and entirely the favorite of all the family.—Thus would Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham have been completely happy in their children, but for the misfortune of poor Helen, for which, however, they were partly conſoled, by the tenderneſs and compaſſion it excited in her brother and ſiſters. At the time I have choſen for the commencement of theſe anecdotes, Mr. Wynd-

Wyndham's family had juſt paſſed the winter in London, and were preparing for their remove to Belle-Ville, their ſeat in the country. The children were all extremely rejoiced and delighted with the thoughts of ſo pleaſing an exchange; they were all buſily employed in packing up their cloaths, except Helen, who ſat on a window ſeat in the nurſery, attending to their converſation.

ARTHUR.

Emily, ſha'n't you be very glad to ſee your birds again?

EMILY.

Yes indeed, brother: I hope the hard winter has deſtroyed none of them; I charged Jenny to throw the crumbs into the filbert-tree walk, and I hope we ſhall find

find it well ſtocked with as many little penſioners as uſual. But I have a much greater pleaſure in expectation.

ARTHUR.

What is that, Emily?

EMILY.

Can you not gueſs, Arthur?

ARTHUR.

Oh, I'll be hang'd if you don't mean ſeeing little Charlotte Neville!

EMILY.

But there can be no occaſion for your ſaying, you'd *be hang'd*, brother, even if you were wrong in your gueſs.

HELEN *(laughing.)*

I'm glad you told him of that ugly ſaying, ſiſter; I don't like to hear him uſe it.

ARTHUR.

ARTHUR.

If I like it, that's enough; you need not trouble yourſelves to correct my language.

HELEN.

But I ſay, Arthur, that Papa does not chuſe you ſhould uſe thoſe words.

ARTHUR.

Well, then, Papa can tell me of it without your aſſiſtance.

HELEN.

But not——

EMILY.

Huſh, my dear Helen.—Arthur, don't be angry. Come, what were we talking of?

MARIA.

Oh, of Charlotte Neville; and I ſhall be

be very glad to ſee her too. I ſhall then ſhew her my new doll, and this pretty coach Mr. Jones gave me, and this new book—look what nice pictures there are in it—"*This is the houſe that Jack built.*" Who *was* Jack, ſiſter?

HELEN.

How her little tongue runs!

ARTHUR.

But, Emily, to aſk you rather a more important queſtion than Maria's, do you know how Mrs. Neville is?

EMILY.

Ah, Mamma's laſt letter ſays, ſhe is very ill indeed.

ARTHUR.

And is not Mamma very ſorry?

EMILY.

EMILY.

Certainly, for you know they have always loved each other. To loſe Mrs. Neville would be the ſame thing to Mamma, as it would be to Helen if I were to die; they have always loved like ſiſters.

HELEN.

To die! I don't underſtand that, I never could have thought of it!

EMILY *(to Arthur, with tears in her eyes.)*

Poor thing, how ſhe affects me! She means, ſhe can have no idea of it. Alas! how many ideas muſt ſhe want in conſequence of her blindneſs!

HELEN.

But, Emily, you don't anſwer me. Tell me, then, what it is to die!

EMILY.

EMILY.

You aſk too hard a queſtion for me to anſwer, my dear Helen; I can only tell you, that when a perſon dies, they have no longer any ſenſe; they ſeem as if they were aſleep, except that they do not breathe, and they wake no more.

HELEN.

I do not quite underſtand; but I know enough to be ſure, that it cannot be the ſame thing to Mamma, if Mrs. Neville was to die, as it would be to me if you died; for if you were always aſleep, you could not lead me about, you could not tell me ſuch amuſing ſtories; now Mamma can walk by herſelf, and read ſtories, and what you call work; I can do none of all this. Oh, it is quite another thing!

ARTHUR,

ARTHUR.

Don't talk ſo, my dear Helen; you make us all ſad.

MARIA.

And Emily is crying.

HELEN.

Where, where is ſhe? lead me to her, Maria.

EMILY.

I will come to you, my dear ſiſter.—

Emily then ran to her, embraced her, and here the converſation ceaſed for that time: the next morning they all ſet off for Belle-ville, which they reached in the evening, and were too much tired to ſtir from the houſe that night: the next morning they roſe very early; the three girls were ſoon dreſſed, and then they rapped at

at Arthur's door, which he opened, and they all went down together. Arthur, impatient and eager, in a few minutes found himſelf ſeveral yards before his ſiſters; he was cloſely followed by little Maria, who ſkipped from place to place like a young bird, and made many thouſand exclamations about flowers and trees. Emily, with Helen leaning on her arm, continued to walk more ſlowly on the terrace, which commanded a beautiful view, and where they held the following converſation:

HELEN.

I feel the air very warm and pleaſant, and how ſweetly the birds ſing.

EMILY.

'Tis a glorious morning; the ſpring returns in all its beauty, and the birds enjoy the young leaves.

HELEN.

So! Arthur and Maria are run away, I no longer hear their voices; and you, my dear Emily, how good you are to remain with me; if you will lead me to a bench, I will ſit down, and you may run alſo.

EMILY.

No, my dear, I feel no inclination to do ſo.

HELEN.

That is ſo good! You ſay ſo, becauſe you would not have me feel ſorry for keeping you here. Yes, yes, I underſtand that, and I ought never to feel unhappy ſince I have ſuch kind relations. But, Emily, you ſaid juſt now, it is a *glorious morning*; why cannot I have any notion of a *glorious morning?* You talk of

the ſun, you ſay, *how bright it ſhines*; why does he ſhine, as you call it, in vain only for me? I cannot help ſighing when I think of it!

EMILY *(embracing her.)*

It makes me ſigh too, my dear girl, it makes me as ſad as it does you. But do not ſay the ſun ſhines in vain for you: 'tis true, you cannot ſee him; but it is by his aſſiſtance that the air is warm'd and purified; that the birds are enlivened and cauſed to ſing; that theſe flowers, which you ſmell, are produced: thus, then, he ſhines not in vain even for you.

HELEN.

That is true, I ought not to be unhappy: but there are ſo many things I do not underſtand, ſo many words which have

have no meaning to me. The other day when you left the room, Mr. Thomſon ſaid to Mamma, "Miſs Wyndham grows "very handſome, ſhe is charming."— No, Sir, Mamma ſaid, ſhe is not very handſome, but ſhe is a very good girl. What did he mean by *handſome*, and why did Mamma ſay you were not ſo?

EMILY.

Mamma was in the right; he ſaid ſo becauſe he thought ſhe would be pleaſed with it.

HELEN.

But how is that? Would Mamma be pleaſed with you for being handſome, why then are you not?

EMILY.

No, Mamma is too juſt; ſhe would

not love me the better for being handſome; only fooliſh people are pleaſed with that.

HELEN.

Ah, then, Mr. Thomſon I gueſs is not very wiſe to take Mamma for a fooliſh perſon! But how is it you cannot be handſome?

EMILY.

My dear, I can no more make myſelf handſome, than you can make yourſelf ſee. To be handſome, we muſt have regular features, a good complexion, and a fine ſhape. It is only God who can give theſe. They are given to many perſons, but theſe are not always the moſt happy. They frequently become vain or proud with their beauty; they attend to nothing but its improvement; they learn

learn nothing but how to dreſs themſelves; they are idle, frivolous, and uſeleſs: while children, they are inattentive to their parents; when parents, they are careleſs of their children. Theſe are my mother's ideas, almoſt her words; but this picture is not univerſal, ſome people render beauty more pleaſing by good ſenſe, by accompliſhments, and by virtue.

HELEN.

I underſtand you in part, but I can have no notion of beauty.

EMILY.

Smell this flower; you can receive pleaſure from its ſcent.

HELEN.

Yes, I can; it is delightful.

EMILY.

That bird, do you not like to hear him ſing?

HELEN.

Yes, ſurely.

EMILY.

Well, then, the eye has ſenſations ſomething like theſe; when it ſees any thing beautiful, it receives the ſame pleaſure which you have in a pleaſant ſcent or an agreeable ſound.

HELEN.

You have given me a very good notion of it, at leaſt I think ſo; if ever it ſhould pleaſe God to give me my ſight, I will tell you whether you had ever before given me any idea of its advantages.

She

She pronounced theſe words in ſo affecting a tone, that Emily could not help ſhedding tears, and Helen, ſoftened by their converſation, wept alſo; at that inſtant they were joined by Arthur and Maria, they had run themſelves out of breath, and were both laughing, but their mirth was changed in an inſtant into gravity when they ſaw the melancholy of their ſiſters.

MARIA.

What, you have been crying, becauſe we ran away from you; is not that it? Well, then, be comforted, you ſhall run too, I will lead Helen.

ARTHUR.

Hold your peace, ſimpleton, would they cry becauſe we left them? No, no, we only diſturb them.

EMILY.

How! why do you think ſo?

ARTHUR.

Becauſe we are ſuch chatter-pies, and you are ſo grave and ſo good. Come, what is all this about? Have you been weeping over the lamentable tale of Blue Beard, or the melancholy hiſtory of Cinderilla?

EMILY.

What nonſenſe is that you are talking?

ARTHUR.

But you laugh; well, that is all I wanted, ſo my nonſenſe has ſucceeded; and Helen laughs too, that is right. Do you know it is almoſt breakfaſt time? I fancy we ſhall be expected. Come, Helen, lean on me; Emily, take the other arm:

arm: run before, little kitten, and tell them we are coming in grand proceſſion.

HELEN.

Arthur makes me laugh, he is ſo droll.

They then went into the houſe, and after breakfaſt was over, the children gave an account of their morning ramble. Helen was gone out of the room, and Emily remained ſilent; Mrs. Wyndham obſerving this, aſked her how ſhe found her birds and bees.

EMILY.

I did not ſee them, Ma'am.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

How happened that, my dear?

EMILY.

I was walking on the terrace with Helen, Ma'am, and ſhe did not ſeem diſpoſed

to run to the filbert-tree walk, it was ſo far, and we roſe later than uſual.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

What then, you were the only one with Helen, Arthur and Maria had run away; was it not ſo?

EMILY.

Yes, Ma'am, but—

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Nay, my dear, I ſhall not ſpeak of this as a ſerious matter, I dare ſay their volatile ſpirits only were the cauſe of their inattention; they ſhould, however, have conſidered that you, who are particularly fond of the birds and bees, no doubt wiſhed to ſee them as much as they could, they ought, therefore, to have offered their aſſiſtance to Helen. Had you been

as

as inconſiderate, the poor child would have been alone.

ARTHUR.

But, indeed, Ma'am, I thought Emily and Helen would have followed us.

EMILY.

Yes, I am ſure you did, Arthur, and ſo we ſhould, had we not inſenſibly engaged in an intereſting converſation which pleaſed me better than ſeeing my birds, therefore, pray, Ma'am, do not be diſpleaſed with my brother and ſiſter.

ARTHUR *(with warmth.)*

You are too good to us, Emily; as to Maria, ſhe is excuſable, as being a child, but I ought to have known better. I ſaid, indeed, I thought you would have followed us; but the real truth is, I be-

lieve, that I did not think any thing about it.

MR. WYNDHAM.

That is right, Arthur, I like this candid avowal.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

'Tis a thouſand times better than any excuſe; let no more be ſaid on the ſubject, except that I give you a general caution to imitate the attention of Emily to Helen. Reſtrain, my dears, thoſe lively ſpirits, which I delight to ſee, when they do not interfere with *her* enjoyments. *Poor thing, ſhe is blind,* and is thereby circumſcribed in her pleaſures; they all depend on our attention, and let me entreat you in this, as in all other circumſtances, to do as you would be done by.

At

At the words, "*Poor thing, ſhe is blind,*" and the pathetic manner in which Mrs. Wyndham pronounced them, the tears ſtarted into the eyes of Emily and Arthur, they each kiſſed a hand of their mother, and ſhe underſtood the promiſe their heart made her, never to neglect the helpleſs object of their cares. Helen juſt then returned, and they entered immediately on the employment of the morning. Emily and Maria worked while Arthur read aloud, and Helen, who by great attention had been taught to knot, employed herſelf with that, and liſtened to her brother; he then withdrew to take his Latin and other leſſons with his father. Emily then took a book, and afterwards Maria, then Miſs Wyndham practiſed for an hour on the harpſichord,

to which Helen liſtened with great delight; ſhe was exceſſively fond of muſic, had an agreeable voice, and could ſing ſeveral ſongs. While they employed themſelves thus, Maria wrote with her Mamma. The children were then dreſſed, and Mrs. Wyndham ordered the carriage, and with her three daughters ſet out for an airing: ſhe bade the coachman drive to Mrs. Neville's, whom ſhe was impatient to ſee, as the children were to embrace their little play-fellow, for whom they had brought ſeveral toys from London.

When the coach ſtopped at Mrs. Neville's door, little Charlotte came running out, and in an inſtant the young Wyndhams were out of the coach, they eagerly em-

embraced her. "Oh, I am ſo glad to ſee "you," exclaimed Charlotte; "Mamma "ſaid ſhe thought you would call to-"day.—How is your Mamma to-day, "my dear?" ſaid Mrs. Wyndham. "Oh, very poorly indeed," the little girl replied; "ſhe is very weak too, and "now ſhe cannot walk with me at all!" Mrs. Wyndham ſighed deeply, and taking little Charlotte by the hand was led by her into the parlour, where they found Mrs. Neville; Mrs. Wyndham embraced her with that cordiality which their long friendſhip demanded. Tears ſtarted into the eyes of each; Mrs. Neville's aroſe from the ſatisfaction ſhe felt in ſeeing her friend; Mrs. Wyndham's, from grief for the ſad alteration a few months had made in Mrs. Neville's countenance. The chil-

children, ſtruck by its mournful and intereſting paleneſs, kept a penſive ſilence, and Emily's eyes were filled with tears, ſhe leaned down and careſſed Charlotte. At length Mrs. Wyndham, conquering her emotion, broke ſilence.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

You expected me, my dear friend?

MRS. NEVILLE.

Yes, I knew your kindneſs would lead you to me as ſoon as poſſible. How happy it makes me to ſee you! I have a thouſand things to ſay!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

I am alſo impatient to converſe with you; but do not fatigue yourſelf, our arrival has flurried you. Tell me whether you think the children grown. That,

you

you know, is one of the firſt queſtions a mother aſks.

MRS. NEVILLE *(ſmiling.)*

I know it by experience. My dear Emily, come to me; how you are grown and improved!

EMILY.

You are always too good to me, my dear Ma'am; it delights me to ſee you and my dear Charlotte.

MRS. NEVILLE.

Charlotte is happy, my dear girl, in your affection. But let me not forget my other friends.

She then kiſſed Maria and Helen, while Mrs. Wyndham took Charlotte on her knee.

MRS. NEVILLE.

With what pleaſure do I ſee her in your arms!—Ah, my friend!

She ſtopped, interrupted by a ſudden emotion, and Charlotte's little countenance was overſpread with ſadneſs when ſhe beheld her Mamma in tears. "Why do "you cry, Mamma?" ſaid ſhe, "you "ſaid you ſhould be happy when Mrs. "Wyndham came."——"Huſh, little "prattler," Mrs. Wyndham ſaid in a low voice. Mrs. Neville then recovering herſelf, proceeded——

MRS. NEVILLE.

My dear friend, I have ſo much to ſay to you, and my mind will be ſo much eaſier when it is ſaid, that you muſt gratify my impatience by allowing me to converſe with you immediately.

MRS.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

That ſhall be as you pleaſe; but will not the fatigue——

MRS. NEVILLE.

No, no, I feel myſelf quite equal to it now, I know not how long I ſhall be ſo; we ought never to defer till the next hour what we can do in this, eſpecially when the hours of our life promiſe to be few.

She ſpoke this with a ſweet ſmile, but Mrs. Wyndham, overcome with the feelings of humanity, turned aſide to conceal her tears.

MRS. NEVILLE.

Charlotte, will you take Miſs Helen and Miſs Maria into your play-room? you have ſeveral new toys.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Oh, and we have brought ſeveral new ones for her; have we not, Emily? They are in that baſket, Mamma; may I open it?

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Take them with you, my dear, and open the baſket in the next room.

Little Charlotte ſeized Maria by the hand, and, ſkipping about, led her into the play-room; Emily roſe to aſſiſt Helen.

MRS. NEVILLE.

Miſs Wyndham, when you have led your ſiſter into the next room, will you return hither?

EMILY.

If you deſire it, Ma'am, and Mamma has no objection.

MRS.

MRS. NEVILLE.

I wiſh it much.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Return, then, my dear.

Emily curtſied, and returned in a few minutes.

Mrs. Neville pauſed a minute, ſhe trembled, changed colour, and ſeemed ſo much affected, that Emily's heart beat with apprehenſion for her. Mrs. Wyndham preſſed her friend's hand, which ſhe held in her own, and led her into diſcourſe by talking of Charlotte's growth and improvement.

MRS. NEVILLE.

She is, indeed, all my happineſs in this world, the only tie, your friendſhip excepted, which holds me to it. My dear Emily, for how many years has your affection

fection been one of my firſt delights! With what pleaſure do I ſtill recollect a thouſand inſtances of it! Have I not been ſometimes ungrateful, petulant, and unkind? If I have, forgive me *now!*

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Ah, Charlotte! my friend, my dear friend!

MRS. NEVILLE.

My heart has ever underſtood your's, it does ſo ſtill! but I diſtreſs you. My dear Miſs Wyndham, I requeſted you to ſtay, becauſe I am convinced your diſcretion exceeds your years; you have a good and a feeling heart, cheriſh its kind affections. You are grieved to ſee me thus waſted by diſeaſe, thus on the brink of another world. But, my dear young friend, to me the proſpect is not dreadful!

let the leſſon I now give you ſink deep into your heart, let it chaſten and confirm your better thoughts. The proſpect of death is no longer terrible to me. The *conſolations of religion* are my ſupport!

She ſtopt, exhauſted by ſpeaking, for both Mrs. Wyndham and her daughter were too much affected to reply. She reſumed her diſcourſe after an inſtant's pauſe.

MRS. NEVILLE.

Forgive me for ſpeaking ſo much of myſelf, it is to reconcile you to an event which ſoon, very ſoon, muſt take place; my dear Emily be not ſo affected, recover yourſelf.

MRS. WYNDHAM *(embracing her with tears.)*

Ah, Charlotte, why do you ſpeak thus? let me ſtill hope that much may be done for you.

MRS. NEVILLE.

No, do not hope it. And why ſhould you even wiſh it? Why recall me to a world which, thank heaven, I am *now* prepared to quit? Who knows if I might be ſo ſome years hence? Be aſſured, however, nothing has been neglected. But all the medicine in the world can avail me no longer!

Emily through her tears ſtole a glance at her mother, and ſaw her change colour ſo often, that ſhe dreaded her fainting, a ſudden motion alone ſpoke her apprehen-

ſions, Mrs. Wyndham ſaw it, and waved her hand to forbid her riſing; then, by an immediate effort of fortitude, ſhe ſaid calmly, "Let me not diſturb your tran-"quillity, my dear friend!—May God "grant me the ſame at the hour of my "death!"

Emily's young heart, ſtruck by theſe words, ſeemed to die within her; ſhe hid her face with her hands, and burſt into a flood of tears. Mrs. Wyndham and Mrs. Neville looked at each other, but took no notice of her emotion, which ſhe ſoon conquered by a wiſh to emulate the virtuous fortitude of her mother. When they were all rather more compoſed, Mrs. Neville ſaid:

" Allow me a few words more, though " it diſtreſſes me to agitate you. One " regret alone ſtands between me and a " better world; my little Charlotte!"— She ſtopped, and Mrs. Wyndham regarded her with earneſt attention.

MRS. NEVILLE.

' She is ſo young, that my loſs will be but for a ſhort time lamented. But, alas! hereafter how ſeverely may ſhe feel it! the loſs of a mother to a girl is infinitely greater than ſhe can conceive till ſhe is herſelf a mother. Ah, who ſhall ſhield her innocence from deceit, and her youth from anguiſh!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Ah, Charlotte! have you not a friend to whom you might confide this ſacred and precious depoſit?

MRS. NEVILLE.

I have, indeed; but will ſhe, can ſhe accept—

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Can you doubt it? Have you not read my heart? Have you not always known the extent of its affections for you?

MRS. NEVILLE.

I have never doubted it; but you have already ſo many duties, ſo much to employ you!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

By increaſing our duties, if we diſcharge them properly, we increaſe our means of happineſs. Beſide, Emily is getting beyond childhood: ſhe will, I know, be happy to ſhare with me the care of your dear child.

Emily haſtily aroſe; ſhe threw herſelf with irreſiſtible emotion on her knees before Mrs. Neville and her mother.

"Hear me, O my dear Mamma!" ſhe exclaimed, "ſuffer me, for I dare "do nothing without your advice, ſuffer "*me* to promiſe to be a mother to my "Charlotte. Do not think me preſump-"tuous; I am young, it is true, but my "heart, in this affecting ſcene, has been "chaſtened and improved, more than it "could have been by the experience of "years. I promiſe, my *heart promiſes*, "the moſt unlimited attention, the ten-"dereſt love!"

Mrs. Neville, affected beyond expreſſion, caught the charming girl in her arms,

arms, and her mother, eagerly ſnatching her from them, preſt her to her boſom. "But, Emily," ſaid ſhe, repreſſing her emotion, "do you ſeriouſly reflect on "what you ſay? Recollect, that in future "years your ſituation may change, you "may be involved in difficulty; ſhall you "ſtill be able to keep your promiſe?"

EMILY.

Ah, Mamma, I ſhall be her mother! and who knows better than you the extent of thoſe duties that ſacred name impoſes? If I am happy, Charlotte ſhall ſhare my felicity; if I am in diſtreſs, will ſhe refuſe to divide my cares! Ah, no! I am ſure of it; for will ſhe not be my daughter?

MRS. WYNDHAM.

I have no longer any doubts. We have only to obtain Mrs. Neville's approbation. My dear Charlotte, it is true, Emily is young, but her heart is good, and Charlotte will ſtill be under my eyes.

MRS. NEVILLE.

Oh, do not ſuſpect me of the ſlighteſt heſitation. This converſation has rendered me perfectly tranquil: it has removed a weight from my mind; but where ſhall I find words to thank both my dear friends?

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Ceaſe, my dear friend, I beg you to ceaſe ſuch expreſſions. Never, never talk of thanks to us who are moſt happy

to

to give you one moment of comfort. But this converſation has been too much for us all; go, Emily, take a turn in the garden, and then return to us with your ſiſters.

Emily obeyed; ſhe returned in about a quarter of an hour; Helen, Maria, and little Charlotte came with her. Mrs. Wyndham requeſted her to take care of them home, and excuſe her to Mr. Wyndham, as ſhe meant to ſpend the remainder of the day with Mrs. Neville. They, therefore, took their leave, and as ſoon as they were in the coach, Emily placed little Charlotte on her knees, and kiſſed her with the tendereſt affection; ſhe aſked her, if ſhe would always love her,

and received her promiſe to do ſo with extreme pleaſure.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART

PART THE SECOND.

MRS. Wyndham returned in the evening, grave, but not melancholy; her affection for her huſband and her children would not allow her to render them uncomfortable, by indulging the grief ſhe really felt for the increaſing illneſs of her friend; ſhe exerted herſelf to promote their innocent enjoyments, and while they ſat round the work-table, at their different employments as uſual, ſhe would not ſadden by a ſigh their affectionate hearts; this was true ſenſibility,

very different from that falſe and importunate feeling in which weak minds are ſo apt to indulge themſelves.*

In the evening, Emily generally took her French leſſon; ſhe was reading the hiſtory of Charles the XIIth, King of Sweden, in French, and came at length to a very ſtriking anecdote, which Mrs. Wyndham deſired her to read again in Engliſh; this ſhe did very readily, as it was a common practice with her mother to make her tranſlate any remarkable paſſage as ſhe read it.—After a deſcription of a battle, which the King of

* See on a ſubject ſimilar to this, the admirable ſtory of Mr. Wentworth, No. 57, of the Mirror, (a periodical paper) very deſerving of attention.

Sweden

Sweden had gained over the armies of the Czar of Muſcovy, which greatly exceeded the number of his own, this anecdote follows:

"The Muſcovites, who were in number about thirty thouſand, paſſed one by one before leſs than ſeven thouſand Swedes. The ſoldiers, in paſſing by the King, threw down their arms, and the officers laid down their enſigns and colours. Charles permitted all theſe men to repaſs the river, without retaining a ſingle ſoldier priſoner. Then he entered victorious into Narva, accompanied by the Duc de Croi and the other Muſcovite officers; he returned to them all their ſwords; and knowing that they wanted money, and that the merchants of Narva would let

them have nothing on credit, he ſent a thouſand ducats to the Duc de Croi, and five hundred to each of the other Muſcovite officers, who were aſtoniſhed at this treatment, of which they could not have formed an idea.—At Narva was written an account of this victory, to ſend to Stockholm and to the allies of Sweden; but the king retrenched with his own hand all that was too advantageous to him, and too injurious to the Czar."

MR. WYNDHAM.

Emily is much improved; ſhe reads French much better than ſhe did, and tranſlates with ſpirit. That is the great thing to be deſired in learning a language; as to little common place phraſes, or mere converſation, they may be amuſing,

ſing, and they may be at times ſerviceable, but a language can never be entirely uſeful, till one can tranſlate it liberally and eaſily.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

I am quite of your opinion, and I dare ſay, Arthur will ſtudy Latin with the ſame idea.

MR. WYNDHAM.

I hope ſo; he already ceaſes to *conſtrue*, and begins to *tranſlate:* beſides, to a dead language, what I have ſaid, applies ſtill more than to a living one.

HELEN.

Papa, what do you mean by a *dead* language?

MR. WYNDHAM.

A language, my dear, which is no longer ſpoken by any nation: formerly,

Latin

Latin and Greek were the common language of large countries; at preſent, they are only ſpoken by the learned of different nations, therefore they are called dead languages. A living language means a tongue commonly uſed by a whole people.—Such as at this time is the French, the Engliſh, the Italian, the German, and ſome others.

HELEN.

Thank you, Papa, I underſtand very well now.

MR. WYNDHAM.

You are right to aſk, my dear; always requeſt to have explained what you do not comprehend; and if it be worth knowing, you will be ſure of the beſt anſwer we can give you.

MRS.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

But, Arthur, tell me which you think the moſt ſtriking trait, in the anecdote Emily has read?

ARTHUR.

That, Mamma, where the Muſcovites lay down their arms before a very ſmall number of Swedes.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

And you, Emily, what ſay you?

EMILY.

I differ from Arthur; I admire moſt the generoſity and modeſty of Charles.

MRS. WYNDHAM, *(with a ſmile.)*

I am of your opinion, perhaps, becauſe we are females. Among the men, indeed, courage or bravery may be deemed a pre-

preferable quality to clemency and moderation.

MR. WYNDHAM.

It is a more ſhining one at leaſt, and I fancy has dazzled Arthur's eyes; but, my boy, recollect how much more eaſy it is to be valiant than moderate. Valour is a ſort of inſtinctive quality; few men are without it; the noiſe and hurry of a battle alone would inſpire it; nay, even in the weaker ſex, a martial piece of muſic will frequently ſeem, for the time, to raiſe that enthuſiaſtic ſpirit which is called courage. But after a hard fought battle, to repreſs that ſort of madneſs, to become immediately cool, temperate, forgiving, and generous; oh, my boy! what an empire over the paſſions does this ſhew!

ſhew! what an heroic and equal frame of mind!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

What enhances the merit of Charles is, that he was very young; this was his firſt victory of any conſequence. I ſhould ſcarcely have wondered, had circumſtances, ſo ſeducing and inflammatory, put his moderation to flight.

ARTHUR.

I feel that I was wrong, and I believe, as you ſay, Sir, that I was indeed *dazzled* by the ſhining part of the ſtory.

MR. WYNDHAM.

While you atone for a haſty deciſion by a candid allowance of its impropriety, there is no harm done; but accuſtom yourſelves, children, to judge of actions for

for yourſelves. Aſk always if they are *juſt*; be not deluded by a glaring outſide; aſk if no faith be infringed, if the laws of humanity are not broken. How ſeldom can the anſwer be in the affirmative, when we are reading the lives of thoſe who are called *heroes!* Hiſtory is often a dangerous ſtudy, it is apt to inſtil falſe principles; there are few that a young perſon ſhould read alone. Emily has always read with her mother, therefore her deciſions are generally right.

Emily was delighted with her father's praiſes, but ſhe ſhewed her pleaſure only by a modeſt, animated bluſh, and downcaſt eyes; ſhe threw not a ſingle glance of exultation on Arthur, who ſeemed a little hurt. Mr. Wyndham then produced

ſome

ſome excellent maps of Sweden, Muſcovy, and Denmark, in which they traced the *routes* of the Swediſh and Ruſſian armies; during which Helen and Maria went to bed, Emily and Arthur ſat an hour longer and then retired. Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham ſpent the reſt of the evening in talking over the events of the day. Mrs. Wyndham related, as well as her emotions would permit, Emily's behaviour in the morning, and they mutually rejoiced in the amiable and happy diſpoſitions of their children. What felicity to them, thus to gratify the hearts of their parents! What miſery to thoſe wretched beings, who plant ſorrow in the breaſts of an indulgent father or mother!

After

After the children had taken their accuſtomed ramble the next morning, Emily went to call her Mamma, whom ſhe was rather ſurprized not to have found in the breakfaſt-room; Mrs. Wyndham was almoſt dreſt, and the following converſation paſſed between them:

EMILY.

Good morning to you, my dear Mamma, I fear you are not quite well this morning, as you are later than uſual.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Thank you, my dear child, I have no material complaint; only having ſlept ill, I fell into a doze when I ought to have riſen.

EMILY.

Nevertheleſs, Mamma, you look not quite

quite well; if my Father would have permitted me to make his breakfaſt, you need not have riſen.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

He would, I am ſure, my love, but I did not wiſh it; I ſhall be quite well when I have breakfaſted.

EMILY.

Allow me to ſay, Mamma, that I fear you exert yourſelf too much for our ſakes; I know you are always anxious to give us our leſſons; but if you are not well—

MRS. WYNDHAM.

You are too anxious, my dear, I am really not indiſpoſed. The uneaſineſs of my mind alone prevented my ſleeping, and that will be rather leſſened than increaſed by attending you.

EMILY.

Ah, Mamma!—

MRS. WYNDHAM.

What, my child? Speak plainly all your thoughts.

EMILY.

I know not if it is not a degree of impropriety to expreſs them all. Perhaps I ſhould intrude too much into what ought to be ſacred to me, your ſorrow and your reſerve.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

No, my dear; ſince the proof you gave me of ſenſibility and goodneſs of heart yeſterday, I conſider you no longer as a child, you are worthy to be called my friend,—ſpeak, then, without heſitation.

EMILY.

EMILY, *(kiſſing her mother's hands.)*

With what gratitude am I penetrated with a title ſo dear! Ah, Mamma, if ever I ſhould render myſelf unworthy of it, what puniſhment would be great enough for me!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

You would find one in your heart!

EMILY.

But, Mamma, ſuffer me, then, to aſk, how it is poſſible for you to preſerve your tranquillity, your compoſure of mind, when I am ſure you ſuffer ſo much? If I am diſtreſſed, I ſhed tears, I am unable to attend to any thing.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Yet, Emily, you are leſs overcome than you have ſeen Miſs Somerville.

EMILY.

That is true, Mamma; when her little brother was ill, ſhe lay all day on a bed; ſhe cried, and took no nouriſhment, repeating continually that ſhe was diſtracted with grief.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

In the mean time, Mrs. Somerville ſat continually by her ſick child, ſhe allowed herſelf no time to reſt, ſhe attended to every thing reſpecting him herſelf. She had no aſſiſtant in whom ſhe could confide. Tell me, Emily, had you been Miſs Somerville, what ſhould you have done?

EMILY.

Certainly, Mamma, I ſhould have ſtifled my grief, and endeavoured to aſſiſt and comfort my mother.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

I truſt you would have done ſo; thus you ſee, in a well-regulated mind, *duty* is ſuperior to *feeling*. We ought never to *indulge* the one at the expence of the other. Miſs Somerville has lived a good deal with an aunt of her's, who has praiſed and inflamed that nervous kind of ſenſibility you have obſerved; thus her mind is weakened, her tears flow upon the moſt trifling occaſion; ſhe does not endeavour to reſtrain them, ſhe even believes them meritorious; and thus ſhe wears away her own conſtitution, and renders herſelf a helpleſs burthen on the ſtronger minds of her friends. This is a character againſt which I would have you be particularly guarded, as it ariſes from the over in-

dulgence of our beſt feelings, and the line is eaſily paſſed before we are aware.

EMILY.

Ah, Mamma! I am in no danger of falling into error, while I take you for my example.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

I ſtrive, at leaſt, to give you the beſt in my power; it is the duty of a mother ſo to do. Come, my dear, your Father will want his breakfaſt.

After breakfaſt, Mrs. Wyndham ſent a ſervant to know how Mrs. Neville did; and heard, with pleaſure, ſhe found herſelf ſomething better; and therefore propoſed to Mr. Wyndham, that they ſhould ſpend the afternoon with their neigh-

bours, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney: ſhe intended to take only Emily and Arthur with her, leaving Helen and Maria with an old faithful ſervant, who was accuſtomed to take care of them when Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham were abſent.

This plan was accordingly put into execution; they called on Mrs. Neville in their way, whom they found tolerably well. About half paſt ſix o'clock they reached Mr. Sidney's houſe, and on entering the drawing-room, found only Mr. and Mrs. Sidney; neither of their children (they had two) were preſent. In a few minutes Mrs. Sidney rung the bell, and ordered the ſervant to ſend Edward and Harriet into the drawing-room, as their viſitors were come. Preſently Miſs

Sidney ran into the room, and, without regarding either Mrs. or Miſs Wyndham, exclaimed: "Mamma, Ned ſays "he won't come."

MRS. SIDNEY.

Very pretty, indeed! pray what is he doing?

HARRIET.

He is making a cart, and when it is done, we are going to draw it about the court full of ſtones.

MRS. SIDNEY.

We! What have you been helping him?

HARRIET.

Yes, I have; and you cannot think how droll it will be.

MRS. SIDNEY.

However that is, you will pleaſe to ſit down now; don't you ſee Miſs Wyndham?

HARRIET *(pouting.)*

Yes; but I want to go and finiſh the cart!

MRS. SIDNEY.

Fie, fie! I am aſhamed of you! Come and ſpeak to Miſs Wyndham.

Emily roſe to meet her, but Miſs Sidney hung down her head, and would not ſpeak; her frock was dirty, her hair looked as if it had not been diſentangled for a week, her face was heated, and a very pretty little girl looked extremely plain and diſagreeable.

MRS. SIDNEY.

Do, Mr. Sidney, ſpeak to her; you ſee ſhe does not mind *me*.

MR. SIDNEY.

How now, Miſs, What's here to do! Why don't you do as your mother bids you? I ſhall take you in hand preſently, if you don't behave better. Don't ſpeak to her, Miſs Wyndham: ſhe is not worth your notice.

Miſs Sidney then muttered a few words to Emily, who felt quite confuſed for her; they ſat down together, and Emily tried, in vain, to make Miſs Sidney ſpeak. In about ten minutes the door burſt open, and in ruſhed young Sidney, with a face like ſcarlet, and crying violently.

MR.

MR. SIDNEY.

What's the matter, Ned? What do you cry for?

NED.

Oh, my mouſe! my mouſe!

MR. SIDNEY.

Well, what's the matter with your mouſe?

EDWARD.

Oh, Papa, Jack Williams has ſnatched it away!

MR. SIDNEY.

Jack Williams ſnatched your mouſe away! I'll *Jack Williams* him, a young raſcal! Where is he?

EDWARD.

Run down the lane, Papa!

MR. SIDNEY.

Come, my dear, don't cry, and I'll ſoon fetch it back again, if Mr. Wyndham will excuſe me for a few minutes.

EDWARD.

And I'll go too, Papa; and give him a good threſhing, when you are there; he won't dare to ſtrike again.

MRS. SIDNEY.

Hark'ye, Ned; bring none of your naſty mice here, I hate the very ſight of them. Don't you want to go, Miſs Harriet? I ſuppoſe you would help your brother to beat Jack Williams.

Harriet looked very ſulky at this, and as the tea was then over, Mrs. Sidney deſired her to take Miſs Wyndham into her

her play-room; though I ſuppoſe, added ſhe, you have done with toys now, Miſs Wyndham.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Emily is always happy to do whatever her young companions like.

MRS. SIDNEY.

Aye, Ma'am, you ſeem very happy in your children; I am ſure I can never keep mine in order, though, I believe, I take as much pains, and ſcold them as much as any body.

Mrs. Wyndham could not help ſmiling at her idea of educating children; however, ſhe was too polite to ſay any thing, ſo the two young ladies went into the play-room, where the following converſation paſſed:

HARRIET.

How croſs Mamma is! ſhe always ſcolds ſo when any body's there. Don't you think ſhe was very ill-natured?

EMILY.

Pardon me for contradicting you; I do not think ſo, indeed.

HARRIET.

What! not ill-natured, to hinder me from doing the cart, when it would have been ſo nice and ſo pretty!

EMILY.

Probably ſhe thought you would overheat yourſelf. Beſides, ſhe wiſhed me to have the pleaſure of talking with you.

HARRIET.

Oh, but ſhe knows I hate to ſit *ſtuck up*

up with *the company*. I don't ſo much care now you and I are together; but you looked ſo grave when I came in, I thought I ſhould not like you! I am ſure if I had been you I ſhould have laughed!

EMILY.

At what ſhould I have laughed?

HARRIET.

Oh, to hear Mamma ſcold ſo, and to ſee me look ſo like a fool.

EMILY.

Indeed, I was very ſorry, it is ſuch a ſad thing to incur the diſpleaſure of one's mother.

HARRIET.

Oh, not at all; I don't care, ſhe won't ſay any more to me; and if I had cried

then, I knew ſhe would let me go; but I was aſhamed, becauſe you and your Mamma were there; beſides, I was a little afraid of Papa. Does your Papa humour your brother more than he does you?

EMILY.

I hardly know what you mean; Papa humours neither of us.

HARRIET.

Why, he looks very good-natured.

EMILY.

He is, indeed, much too good-natured to *humour* his children; he is uniformly kind and indulgent when we behave well, and conſtantly ſtrict and reſolute when we deſerve his diſpleaſure.

HARRIET.

Well, that ſeems very odd! As to Ned, Papa never contradicts him, nor Mamma neither; but he does me, and is as angry as can be ſometimes.

They then talked about the books and play-things; the latter, indeed, were in general unintereſting to Miſs Wyndham, who was too well informed to derive much amuſement from mere toys; ſhe was, however, alſo too well-bred and too humble to ſhew the leaſt contempt for any thing her companion thought entertaining. Amongſt the books ſhe found ſeveral with which ſhe was well acquainted; but though they were ſadly abuſed, Miſs Sidney ſaid, ſhe had not read any of them: and thus all

all converſation reſpecting their merits was precluded. Having looked them over, Emily walked to the window, to examine a bird which hung there in a handſome cage.

EMILY.

What a pretty bird! It is a goldfinch I ſee.

HARRIET.

Yes, and a fine ſongſter, I aſſure you.

EMILY.

Did you take him from the neſt?

HARRIET.

No; he was about a year old when I had him. Ned caught him in a trap in the winter.

EMILY.

Poor thing! was he not very uneaſy when he was firſt confined?

HAR-

HARRIET.

Oh, I don't know; he uſed to flutter about ſometimes, but we did not mind that.

EMILY.

He is very tame now; he does not ſeem at all diſturbed when I ſtand by the cage.

HARRIET.

That is becauſe he does not ſee you.

EMILY.

Not ſee me! How is that?

HARRIET.

Becauſe he is blind.

EMILY.

Blind! Ah, poor little creature. By what accident did that happen to him?

HAR-

HARRIET.

No accident at all; Ned did it on purpoſe.

EMILY.

On purpoſe! Oh, how could he be ſo cruel!

HARRIET.

He did it to make him ſing the better, with a red hot knitting-needle.

EMILY *(pale and ſhuddering.)*

Oh, how ſhocking! Were you not grieved?

HARRIET.

Not I; I liked it, becauſe it's my bird. If I had not liked it, it ſhould not have been done, I promiſe you.

EMILY.

Is it poſſible you ſhould have given your

your conſent! Oh, if you knew how melancholy it is to be blind!

HARRIET.

La, why a bird does not mind, you know.

EMILY.

Not mind! Do you think, then, they do not feel? Do you think they have no pleaſure in ſeeing the light? Why, then, do they ſing when it firſt dawns?

HARRIET.

Oh, that is becauſe it is natural to them.

EMILY.

Yes, to rejoice in the day-light! Ah, poor little wretch! Would I could reſtore you to ſight.

HAR-

HARRIET.

But you cannot think how much better he ſings!

EMILY.

I ſhould not wiſh to hear him; I ſhould think every note a melancholy expreſſion of his ſorrow, or a reproach to me for having cauſed it!

HARRIET.

What odd notions you have! Where did you pick them up!

EMILY.

If you mean the notion of hurting no creature whatever, I gained it, as I did all I know, from my father and mother. Beſide that, I never had the leaſt deſire to hurt any thing; and as to blinding any poor creature, I know too well how dread-

dreadful it muſt be, to be capable of doing it.

HARRIET.

Why, how do you know any thing about it?

EMILY.

Alas! I have a ſiſter who is blind!

HARRIET.

Poor thing, I ſhould be ſorry for her.

EMILY.

Then why are you not ſorry for your bird?

HARRIET.

Oh, becauſe a bird is not like a little girl.

EMILY.

That is true, they are not parallel caſes, but there is a reſemblance. The bird does

does not feel ſo much; but that does not prove it does not feel at all.

HARRIET.

Well, I declare I am ſorry; but nobody ever told me it was cruel, ſo how ſhould I know.

Here they were interrupted by a knocking at the window, which Harriet opened; it was Maſter Sidney, who called to her to come round to the drawing-room window, where ſhe would ſee ſomething "*monſtrous droll.*"

Harriet ſcampered away, and Emily followed her; they found young Edward and Mr. Sidney ſtanding at the window; Arthur was quietly ſeated by his father, who

who, with Mrs. Wyndham, and Mrs. Sidney, were at another part of the room.

HARRIET.

Ned, what have you got to ſhow me?

NED.

Oh, my mouſe! Papa got it away from Jack Williams, but his leg was broken, ſo I gave it to the cat—ſee how ſhe toſſes it about.

HARRIET.

Where, where? Oh, I ſee her! La, it's running away!

MR. SIDNEY.

No, ſhe has caught it again; look how ſtill ſhe is now.

Emily, ſhuddering to ſee the poor little

little animal ſo tormented, retired from the window. Mrs. Sidney then aſked Arthur why he did not go and look at the mouſe; and he, who generally ſpoke his thoughts, ſometimes not very politely, ſaid, "Becauſe I think it both cowardly and cruel."

MRS. SIDNEY.

How ſo, my dear?

ARTHUR.

It is cruel to ſuffer any thing to be tormented, and cowardly, becauſe the poor creature is lame, and without that defence which nature intended it to have.

MRS. SIDNEY.

Oh, but a mouſe is ſuch a naſty creature; I never care how they are tormented,

mented, becauſe I hate them to ſuch a degree. Beſides, one muſt have them deſtroyed.

ARTHUR.

Yes, Ma'am, but then I would have it with the leaſt pain poſſible; and eſpecially I would not give them to the cat when they are lame.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

But, Arthur, you are not very polite.

MRS. SIDNEY.

Oh, I like him the better for that; I hate a boy that's afraid of ſpeaking his mind.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

But then he ſhould not do it at the riſk of offending any one.

After

After a little more talk about the mouſe, whoſe diſtreſs ſeemed to afford great amuſement to the party at the window, Mr. Wyndham's carriage was announced, and that amiable family, with pleaſure, took leave of a circle ſo different from themſelves. In their way home they talked of their viſit, and when Mrs. Wyndham heard of the poor goldfinch, ſhe warmly expreſt her abhorrence of ſuch extreme cruelty; ſoon after the coach ſtopped, and nothing more was ſaid on the ſubject. The next morning, however, as it proved wet, the children, inſtead of playing in the garden, amuſed themſelves in the ſame room where their mother ſat at work; and here the following converſation paſſed:

HELEN.

Come, Emily, tell us what you did at Mr. Sidney's laſt night.

EMILY.

Nothing agreeable, I can aſſure you. I went with Miſs Sidney into her play-room, but her books were torn to-pieces, and then we came back into the drawing-room to ſee the cat play with a mouſe.

MARIA.

The cat play with a mouſe! but did ſhe not hurt it? Mamma always ſays, "poor thing," when old Tom catches one.

EMILY.

Oh, yes, ſhe hurt it enough, I believe, but they did not *mind that*, as Miſs Sidney ſaid, when I aſked her if her gold-

finch was not unhappy when they firſt confined him.

HELEN.

Not mind hurting any thing! I fancy this Miſs Sidney is not very good.

EMILY.

No, truly; for if you had been there when ſhe firſt came into the room!—

HELEN.

Why, what did ſhe do?

EMILY.

Her cap was torn half off, her hair was tangled, and her face dirty; and ſhe came in bawling, juſt like this—*(mimicking)* "Mamma, Ned ſays he won't "come!"

AR-

ARTHUR *(laughing.)*

Ah! that is juſt like her, with her arms ſwinging, and her mouth open.

HELEN.

But did ſhe not ſpeak to you?

EMILY.

No, nor to Mamma neither; and then ſhe almoſt cried becauſe ſhe wanted to help her brother to make a cart!

HELEN.

To make a cart! Was that a proper employment for a young lady?

EMILY.

No, indeed! and when ſhe was told to ſpeak to me, ſhe came up with her head poking down, and her finger in her mouth, muttering ſo—" How dy'e do, " Miſs!"

MARIA.

Oh dear, how ſtrange!

ARTHUR.

Ah, that is exactly her; but now, Emily, tell us how ſhe looked when her Mamma aſked her, if ſhe would not like to help her brother to beat Jack Williams.

EMILY.

Oh, ſhe pouted out her lips ſo; then ſhe crammed her fingers into her mouth; and then leered round to ſee if I was looking at her! but, Arthur, how did Mr. Ned get his mouſe again?

ARTHUR.

Oh, you never ſaw ſuch a cowardly fellow; when we overtook the boy who had got it, Mr. Sidney gave him two or three blows, and took it from him; but,

poor

poor thing! one of its legs was broken: ſo then Mr. Ned cried like a mad thing, and flew at the boy, beating and ſcratching him without mercy, and the boy did not dare ſtrike again. At laſt Mr. Sidney ſaid, "Come away, Ned, let him alone "now; but if he affronts you again, I'll "horſewhip him handſomely."—"Do it "now, Papa," ſaid Ned, "do it now!" —"Fie, Maſter Sidney," ſaid I, "two "againſt one is not fair."—"Oh, who "minds *fair*," ſaid he, "with ſuch a beg-"gar's boy as that!"—and Mr. Sidney never told him he was wrong.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

In telling us that, Arthur, have you not told us the very reaſon of Maſter Sidney's behaviour?

ARTHUR.

What, that his father did not teach him better? Yes, I believe ſo!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Tell me, then, is he moſt an object of ridicule or pity?

ARTHUR *(heſitating a moment.)*

Of pity, to be ſure!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

And, Emily, do you not think the ſame cauſe may have produced the ſame effect in Miſs Sidney?

EMILY.

Yes, Ma'am, for ſhe ſaid nobody had ever told her it was wrong to torment her bird.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Then why have you ridiculed her?

EMILY.

I——I—— did not mean any harm, Mamma!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Did you not mean to make her appear an abſurd, ridiculous character? Did you not mean to make your brother and ſiſters laugh at her?

EMILY.

Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Could you, then, had you it in your power, do her greater unkindneſs? In making people ridiculous, we injure them extremely. A nick-name, as it is called,

given to children, grows up with them, they are known by it; thoſe who are not acquainted with them form a light, if not a bad opinion of their characters: in the mean time, perhaps, they correct the faults or the follies that gave riſe to it, but that is not known, while their nick-names precede their entrance into every company. It is the ſame with every ſpecies of ridicule; if your brother and ſiſters were to hear of Miſs Sidney ten years hence, they would connect with her name the aukward, diſagreeable idea you have given them of her character; they might, perhaps, unguardedly, expreſs the opinion they had formed of her, and thus puniſh her for the faults ſhe might long before have corrected. Do you perceive to what extent this might injure her? It might

might deprive her of friends, perhaps of an eſtabliſhment for life!

EMILY.

Oh, Mamma, I have, indeed, been very wrong; I beg of you to pardon me.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

I allow to you that Miſs Sidney's behaviour *was* very blameable, and, therefore, to *me*, in whom you have a perfect confidence, I admit you to remark on it, but not to do it with ill-nature or ſeverity. I expected, from the goodneſs of your heart, pity and generous allowance for Miſs Sidney, who wants the advantages you are more happily poſſeſt of. Do you believe, that without better advice and example, you ſhould have been better than Miſs Sidney?

EMILY.

Oh, no, indeed; I muſt be both ungrateful and preſumptuous if I could believe it.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Even were there no excuſe to be made for Harriet Sidney's faults, I could not allow you to employ *ridicule* to expoſe them. Perſonal ridicule, in general, ariſes from envy or ill-nature; a mean deſire of lowering thoſe virtues we cannot reach, or a cruel wiſh to expoſe thoſe follies we take a malicious pleaſure in obſerving. Who, indeed, is there in whom nothing ridiculous can be found? The moſt perfect characters, by a little exaggeration, may be made ridiculous.

EMILY.

I ſee, Mamma, that I have been guilty of

of a very great fault, I am much concerned for it, and willing to ſubmit to any puniſhment you ſhall think proper. But permit me to obſerve, ſince I do not do ſo out of perverſeneſs, on what you laſt ſaid; for inſtance, what is there ridiculous in you?

MRS. WYNDHAM.

You pay me a great compliment, Emily, which for once I will accept.--- But you will, perhaps, ſcarcely believe ſo ſtriking a picture was once drawn of me by a young mimic of my acquaintance, who was not aware of my ſeeing her, that I could not help laughing at it myſelf. My little cough, the trick I have of rather leaning my head when I ſpeak, and the ſlow manner which I have of talking,

were imitated, and made to appear ridiculous.

EMILY.

Oh, Mamma, but theſe are not ridiculous!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Not in themſelves, perhaps, but by a little exaggeration, which a true mimic never ſpares, they become ſo; nay, Emily, even my tender attention to my grandmother, who was very old, and required conſtant aſſiduity, was ſet in the ſame point of view; it was deemed a diſturbing and importunate "*rout about nothing*," an affectation of fondneſs and attention.

EMILY.

Ah, Mamma, what an odious character! Were you not very angry?

MRS.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

By no means, I pitied my young acquaintance very much; it had been laughed at, and ſhe was encouraged to mimic every body, and no one had ever told her it was wrong.

EMILY.

Well, I ſhall never mimic any body again. But, Mamma, you uſed to laugh very much at Mr. Harris, when he imitated ſome of the players in London.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

That is true, but that was not perſonal ridicule; he merely imitated the particular ſtyle of ſpeaking in each; ſome of them, you remember, were not laughable, only thoſe of the comic actors, and that becauſe they were exactly like. He

alſo imitated the manners of ſailors and clowns; but that was not perſonal ridicule, it was aimed at no *one* in particular.

EMILY.

Then that is allowable!

MR. WYNDHAM.

Under certain circumſtances it may be, but it requires a very nice judgment to direct it, and in a *woman* it can never be right. It diſcovers an inclination to ſet herſelf off; beſides, it muſt be accompanied by a ſelf-poſſeſſion, inconſiſtent with the modeſty of the female character. Every approach to what is called *humour*, ought to be diſcouraged in a woman; it puts her too forward and too much upon a level with an actreſs; add to that, it makes her many enemies. People, who

ſee how much ſhe excels in general imitation, believe ſhe is equally capable of perſonal mimickry, and that ſhe is only reſtrained by their preſence. They fancy that when ſhe is under no reſtraint, ſhe is leſs guarded, and think that they may be of the number of thoſe ſhe ridicules; thus ſhe is ſhunned and hated.

EMILY.

I ſee, Mamma, the force of all you have urged, and I am quite determined never more to be a mimic; but, at preſent, I hope you pardon me.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Since you have not been wilfully and obſtinately wrong, I pardon you, my dear; in the mean time, however, you have given me great pain, becauſe I had hoped

alſo imitated the manners of ſailors and clowns; but that was not perſonal ridicule, it was aimed at no *one* in particular.

EMILY.

Then that is allowable!

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ſee how much ſhe excels in general imitation, believe ſhe is equally capable of perſonal mimickry, and that ſhe is only reſtrained by their preſence. They fancy that when ſhe is under no reſtraint, ſhe is leſs guarded, and think that they may be of the number of thoſe ſhe ridicules; thus ſhe is ſhunned and hated.

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MRS. WYNDHAM.

Since you have not been wilfully and obſtinately wrong, I pardon you, my dear; in the mean time, however, you have given me great pain, becauſe I had hoped

hoped you had more reflection; thus I find myſelf under the neceſſity of impoſing a puniſhment: I meant to have given you Ward's Natural Hiſtory to read today, but the childiſhneſs you have ſhewn will prevent me from putting it in your hands till a month from this time; if during that ſpace you commit no ſerious fault, I ſhall believe this was a mere temporary return to the faults of infancy, and that you are capable of reliſhing the uſeful information contained in that pleaſing book; if, on the contrary, you again do wrong, I ſhall ſtill longer defer the pleaſure I have promiſed you.

Emily felt exceſſively hurt and diſappointed on the occaſion; however, ſhe felt too much the conſtant juſtice of her

her mother to have murmured, even if ſhe had not been convinced that in this inſtance ſhe deſerved her puniſhment.

In the afternoon Mrs. Wyndham went to Mrs. Neville's, whom ſhe found ſo extremely ill, that ſhe could not prevail on herſelf to quit her, but ſent word home that ſhe ſhould remain with her friend that night. In the morning Mr. Wyndham ſent to know how Mrs. Neville was, and heard, with great concern, that ſhe could not live many hours; he communicated this intelligence to Emily, and immediately went to Mrs. Neville's houſe, leaving Emily exceſſively diſtreſſed. She felt the moſt reſtleſs anxiety, accompanied by ardent wiſhes, to alleviate her mother's anguiſh; ſhe had an inceſ-

inceſſant ſtruggle to reſtrain her tears; but a wiſh to emulate the fortitude and equanimity of her mother, prevailed on her to repreſs them as much as poſſible, and to ſit down with her ſiſters, ſupplying, as well as ſhe could, the place of Mrs. Wyndham. About four in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham returned, bringing with them little Charlotte Neville. Mrs. Wyndham immediately retired to her own room, while Mr. Wyndham led little Charlotte into the parlour, and ſent for Emily, who, pale and trembling, appeared immediately.

Mr. Wyndham was evidently much affected, and the following ſhort dialogue paſſed:

MR. WYNDHAM.

Emily, have you ſeen your mother?

EMILY.

No, Sir, ſhe is gone to her own room.

MR. WYNDHAM.

Do not then diſturb her; you gueſs what has happened?

EMILY.

I fear ſo, indeed!

MR. WYNDHAM.

Charlotte is now *your child!*

CHARLOTTE *(crying.)*

My dear Emily, they will not let me ſee Mamma.

EMILY *(embracing her with tears.)*

You muſt not deſire it.

CHAR-

CHARLOTTE.

But Mamma will be uneaſy if I do not go to her; ſhe always chooſes to have me in her room.

MR. WYNDHAM.

My dear child, you muſt aſk to ſee your Mamma no more.

CHARLOTTE.

So you told me before; but why? Let me ſee her; ſhe will wake if I call her.

EMILY.

No, my dear, you cannot wake her, nor ought you to wiſh it; ſhe is free from pain, and gone to a better world, where ſhe will be happy!

CHARLOTTE.

Is Mamma happy? And will ſhe never cry again, nor feel pain?

EMILY.

EMILY.

Never.

CHARLOTTE.

I am glad of that; but ſhall I not go to her? She uſed to ſay I ſhould.

MR. WYNDHAM.

Yes, my dear, when God pleaſes.

CHARLOTTE.

I hope it will pleaſe God to let me very ſoon.

MR. WYNDHAM.

But it depends on yourſelf. If you are not good as long as you live; if you do not pray to God always, you will never go to that happy world where your Mamma is now.

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, teach me, then, to be very good,

in-

indeed I will try; and tell me what I muſt ſay when I pray to God to let me go to Mamma?

MR. WYNDHAM.

You muſt ſay, "Grant, O God! that "through life I may do thy will, and "when I die be taken to thy everlaſting "happineſs."

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, do not fear I ſhall forget it, I ſhall ſay it every day twenty times.

Mr. Wyndham then left them, and Emily, though deeply affected, endeavoured to lead the little girl to other ſubjects, in which at times ſhe ſucceeded; but Charlotte frequently ſpoke of her mother, in a way which affected all who heard

heard her. Mrs. Wyndham remained alone till the evening, when ſhe admitted Emily, who remained with her till bed-time. The next morning Mrs. Wyndham returned to her family, compoſed, though deeply dejected, thus ennobling grief by not yielding to its paſſionate impulſes; though for many weeks it required a violent ſtruggle between her reaſon and her feelings, to appear with that dignified ſerenity ſhe ſo much wiſhed to retain. Emily, ſtruck by this example of fortitude, determined to profit by it; it carried a leſſon to her heart, which ſhe never afterwards forgot. From this time ſhe ſtrove, with undeviating attention, to correct her own faults, that ſhe might be a worthy pattern for Charlotte to follow; ſhe ceaſed not to exert the utmoſt tender-

neſs

neſs and patience towards the little girl, who, in being an orphan, ſeemed to have a ſufficient claim on the affections of this amiable family, and ſhared equally with Maria the fondneſs of them all. Helen became very much attached to her, and Charlotte vied with her ſiſters in aſſiduous attendance on her.

Emily, however, notwithſtanding her earneſt wiſhes to do right, was too young not to err ſometimes, an inſtance of which occurred one day, in her expreſſing ſome extravagant wiſhes, and particularly that ſhe could know what ſome relations of her's were doing who lived in a diſtant country; Mrs. Wyndham ſmiled, and told her, ſhe would give her a ſtory to read, which had been written by a friend

friend for her on a ſimilar occaſion when ſhe was a girl. Accordingly in the evening, when her ſiſters were gone to bed, Emily read aloud the following ſtory.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART THE THIRD.

ELFRIDA;

OR,

THE MIRROR.

A FAIRY TALE.

THE limitation of man's knowledge has been, in all ages, a theme equally choſen by the moraliſt and the diſcontented. The firſt of theſe characters has from

from thence deduced many profitable concluſions to the chaſtiſement of our preſent vanity, and the exaltation of our future hope. While the laſt has murmured at this confinement of his faculties, which reach not even to the perfect underſtanding of thoſe things more immediately under his inſpection, and are conſequently very unequal to the diſcernment of future events or diſtant circumſtances. To check, in ſome degree, the diſſatisfaction of the latter, and to add ſtrength to the reaſonings of the former, the tale of Elfrida ſhall attempt; nay more, in ſpite of its puerile appearance, it ſhall ſtrive to place the ſubject in another point of view, and conſider the narrowneſs of our capacity in this ſtate of

our exiſtence, as one great ſource of the comfort we enjoy.

Faſhioned by the hand of nature with every charm to captivate the ſenſes, Elfrida poſſeſſed alſo a ſoul of the higheſt order; and that aſpiring genius which graſps eagerly at knowledge, and having received all that its inſtructors have to beſtow, like Alexander, weeps for more *worlds* of *information* to ſubdue. Elfrida was the daughter of an Engliſh baron, who was high in the favour of the third brave Edward. In the various wars of that king, Elfrida's father took an active part. She was now approaching the cloſe of her ſixteenth year, when Fitz-Richard was ſummoned from his caſtle to attend his ſovereign to the Scottiſh wars.

But

But a few months had he been freed from the weight of his armour, yet he reſumed it with alacrity, and felt a regret only in parting from his fair and innocent child. He left her overwhelmed with grief, under the care of her governeſs and her women, for her mother had ſlept many years in the ſilent tomb. Elfrida, who enthuſiaſtically loved her father, and centered in him all the affections of a very ſenſible heart, lamented his departure with inceſſant regret. The ſolitude in which ſhe had been educated, and which, during his reſidence in it, had for her every charm, now became inſipid. She frequently wandered from her governeſs and her women to indulge her ſorrow, and waited for hours, at the extremity of the Park, in the hope of ſoon receiving

intelligence from the Baron. One day, when ſhe had finiſhed her morning ſtudies, which were become unintereſting to her, ſhe retired from the heat of the ſun into a natural ſort of grotto, formed in a rock, through which perpetually ran a clear ſtream, and whoſe entrance was ſhaded by a luxurious growth of jeſſamine and honeyſuckles, which had been planted and reared by the *ſportive* labour of Fitz-Richard and Elfrida. This place recalled to her mind the image of her father in all its force. "He has been "gone," ſhe exclaimed, "three weeks, "and I have heard from him but once. "Perhaps at this moment, fatigued by "toilſome marches, he faints beneath the "heat of this burning ſun. In vain may "he now wiſh for his Elfrida to prepare

"the

" the ſimple fruits which ſhe has ſo often
" decorated with bands of flowers for his
" noon-tide refreſhment. While I am
" enjoying the luxurious coolneſs of his
" favourite retreat, to what perils may
" my father be expoſed! Shortly, too,
" new dangers will ſurround him; the
" dangers of unſparing war! His valour
" will place him foremoſt in the ranks of
" battle, and who can tell——The ſug-
geſtion which her heart inſpired, her
tongue refuſed to expreſs; a ſhower of
tears fell from her eyes, ſhe trembled and
was ſilent. At length ſhe proceeded---
" Oh that I could be at this moment in-
" formed of thy welfare, my father!
" That ſome beneficent Being would in-
" ſtruct me how thou art employed!
" Why, alas! has Heaven denied the pri-

"vilege of knowing how thoſe we love are "ſituated during their abſence from us?" Elfrida had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than ſhe was ſtruck with a ſenſe of their impropriety, and haſtened to implore the pardon of Heaven for an expreſſion which her delicacy of feeling taught her immediately to renounce as preſumptuous. Still, however, her heart acknowledged a deſire, that a conſtant information of her father's ſituations might be made conſiſtent with the will of Heaven.

Deeply engaged in theſe reflections, Elfrida ſcarcely heard a ſlight noiſe in the back part of the cavern; but at length, imagining ſhe heard the ſound of light footſteps, ſhe raiſed her eyes, and ſtarted on beholding a figure, whoſe appearance

ſpoke

ſpoke it of a different order of beings. The ſtature of this form ſcarcely exceeded a foot in height, and its dimenſions were proportionably ſmall. Its features, however diminutive, were regularly beautiful, and its countenance beſpoke tender benevolence. On its head was placed a turban of the fineſt blue, the texture of which ſeemed like the leaf of a flower: it was ornamented with a circle of precious ſtones, which, though ſmall, was of incredible brightneſs. Its garment was a ſort of robe deſcending in folds to the ground, of the moſt exquiſite whiteneſs, and ſhining like the ſlight threads which in the autumn are ſeen floating over the graſs at ſun-ſet. In one hand it held an ivory wand, and in the other a *mirror* of the moſt admirable poliſh.

Elfrida, ſtartled by this ſupernatural appearance, would have fled, but was withheld by a ſort of irreſiſtible impulſe. Her eyes eagerly ſurveyed the ſhining ſtranger, who, advancing, ſaid, "Be not "alarmed, Elfrida, for innocence and "goodneſs of heart like your's have from "me nothing to fear. You have heard, "and, with propriety, deſpiſed a thou-"ſand idle tales of the fairies, which "have no exiſtence but in imagination. "You have rightly judged it inconſiſtent "with the wiſdom of the Supreme Being "to ſuffer a ſet of inferior agents to tor-"ment mankind with impunity. But "learn, fair Elfrida, that although they "exiſt not for purpoſes ſo vain, they yet "*do* exiſt. Under the control of ſupe-"rior power, they are permitted by their

"invi-

" inviſible agency to direct the ſmaller
" concerns of man's life. Once in an
" age their perſonal appearance is allowed
" to ſome favoured mortal, who, like
" yourſelf, poſſeſſes a heart ſimple and
" unſeduced by the allurements of vice.
" I have heard your regret and your
" wiſhes, and to me it is given, though I
" cannot remove the one, yet to fulfil the
" other. Your father is gone on a ſervice
" of danger, but it is alſo a ſervice of
" glory. He is himſelf perfectly ſatisfied
" with his ſituation, nor would exchange
" it for the inglorious repoſe of a peace-
" ful ſtation. The only allay to his ſatis-
" faction is the neceſſity of quitting you,
" but he anticipates the time of his re-
" turn with hopeful pleaſure. Be it your
" taſk to improve the interval of his ab-

" ſence by an unremitting attention to " your improvement in thoſe accompliſh- " ments he wiſhes you to poſſeſs. Do not " by vain regrets impair the health and " laviſh the ſenſibility on which Fitz-Ri- " chard depends for his future happineſs." Elfrida, who had liſtened at firſt with ſome degree of terror, which inſenſibly wore away, now haſtened to aſſure the fairy that ſhe was perfectly convinced of the propriety of her remarks, and to promiſe that ſhe would in future more ſteadily endeavour to repreſs a too great ſenſibility.— " You ſay well, gentle Elfrida," replied the fairy, " and I read in your heart the " ſincerity of your purpoſes. But why " wander the eyes of my fair favourite? " I ſee you are curious to know more of " me. I am the queen of the fairies,

" and

" and to me is particularly allotted the " care of the young and beautiful. This " wand is the ſource of my power, and " this mirror, Elfrida, ſhall be to you, if " you ſtill wiſh it, all you have aſked from " Heaven. Tell me, do you yet ſeek to " be conſtantly informed of your father's " ſituation? I ſee you do. Take, then, " this mirror, three times in every day, " (with the interval of at leaſt half an " hour between each time) for five mi- " nutes, it ſhall depict to you the exact " image and employment of your father." Elfrida eagerly extended her hand, and for the firſt time loſing her attention to the fairy, ſhe caſt her eyes on the ſo much deſired gift. She there beheld the image of her father, who walked, converſing with a friend; his countenance expreſſed health

and happineſs. Elfrida's tears flowed with pleaſure at the ſight, and when ſhe had gazed on it till it vaniſhed, ſhe turned eagerly round, and thanked repeatedly the kind and generous fairy. "You "are then ſatisfied with my gift, El- "frida?" ſaid ſhe with half a ſmile, "you "perſiſt in the determination of accept- "ing it? Ah, miſtaken—but I leave you "to experience the choice you have "made! If at any time you become tired "of poſſeſſing the mirror, come hither "again, and when you have dipped it "in the water of this ſtream, I will ap- "pear and receive it from you." The fairy then diſappeared, and Elfrida, after pauſing for a few minutes to recover from her aſtoniſhment, returned to the caſtle. To her governeſs alone, in whom ſhe

ſhe had a perfect confidence, ſhe repeated the circumſtance of this ſurpriſing viſion; at firſt the governeſs treated it as a vapor of the imagination, but, on ſeeing the mirror, began to believe in the truth of the ſtory. Elfrida, that her mind might be perfectly ſatisfied, begged her to caſt her eyes on it at the ſame time with herſelf; the governeſs complied, and they both ſaw the Baron Fitz-Richard. He was on horſeback, and while they gazed, the horſe fell and threw his rider to the ground: Elfrida ſhrieked, and dropped the mirror! Inſtantly ſhe caught it again from the earth; but, alas! in that moment the picture had vaniſhed! The exceſs of her anxiety and dread may, perhaps, be conceived; ſhe wept, ſhe trembled, and at intervals, giving herſelf up

to the horrors of her imagination, ſhe ſcreamed aloud in agony. Thus paſſed the alotted half hour which muſt intervene ere ſhe could again ſee any thing; the moment it expired, ſhe ſeized the glaſs, and beheld her father extended on a couch, pale and languid; his arm was bound round by a ſcarf, and Elfrida believed he had broken it; this was all that appeared, and Elfrida remained as unſatisfied as ever. In this interval her governeſs endeavoured to impreſs on the mind of Elfrida the folly of ſeeking to know more than Providence had revealed; but Elfrida, diſtracted with anxiety, heard her not, waiting, with her eyes fixed on the mirror, till the allotted half hour ſhould expire. At length the heavy minutes departed, and the ſame ſcene was

again

again preſented to her view. And now the mirror had for that day loſt its power, in vain Elfrida wept and rejected ſleep. Ere the night was ſpent, an expreſs arrived, who brought letters from the Baron. Elfrida opened them with impatience; they were dated five days before, and though they gave the moſt ſatisfactory accounts of his health at that time, Elfrida, who knew what had paſſed ſince, received no pleaſure from them. She threw them aſide, and waited for the morning dawn with a paſſionate impatience, which deſtroyed the natural ſweetneſs of her temper. Ere it arrived, however, ſleep cloſed her weary eyes, and ſhe opened them, in conſequence of the ſun-beams which darted through her windows. Angry with herſelf for having ſlept, ſhe

ſeized

ſeized the mirror, and ſaw her father at the door of his tent; he raiſed his hands in thankfulneſs to Heaven, and Elfrida at once perceived that his arm had not been broken, and that by the quickneſs of his recovery, in all probability, the accident had been comparatively ſlight. She firſt ardently thanked Heaven for his eſcape, and then exclaimed, "Ah, miſchievous "preſent, what grief has it cauſed me! "Had I not accepted this mirror, theſe "letters would have been to me a ſource "of delight; I ſhould have known no-"thing of a circumſtance which has been "in itſelf of little conſequence, and "which, even had it been worſe, I could "not have remedied. I will return this "mirror to the fairy, and henceforth con-"tent myſelf with the gifts which Hea-

"ven

"ven has beſtowed." Her governeſs applauded her reſolve, and Elfrida haſtened to the grotto; ſhe impatiently dipped the mirror into the ſtream, and the fairy immediately appeared. "Take "back your fatal gift," ſaid the fair Elfrida, "I have already proved the mi-"ſery which attends it, already have diſ-"covered the folly of my wiſhes."— "With pleaſure I receive it," replied the fairy, "a pleaſure which ariſes from the "joy I feel in ſuch an inſtance of your "prudence. I knew, when I gave it to "you, the ſorrows which muſt accom-"pany the knowledge you deſired, but "ſcarcely hoped that you would have "been ſo ſoon convinced of its inefficacy "to make you happy. 'Tis true, I might "have made the gift more perfect; but

if

" if it had continually reflected the image
" of your father, you would have neg-
" lected every thing to gaze upon it, and
" your time would have paſſed unmarked
" by improvement. I ſee you have no
" deſire of the kind remaining; but,
" Elfrida, although this gift is uſeleſs to
" you, yet the experience it has brought
" will not prove ſo. Henceforth you will
" be convinced, when you are tempted
" to form *wiſhes*, that, if granted, they
" would in all probability conduce as little
" to your real happineſs as *this* has done.
" None could wear a more ſpecious
" appearance than this, which ſeemed
" prompted by filial affection; but ſuſ-
" pect in future, Elfrida, that every de-
" ſire of whatever ſort is unreaſonable
" and improper, if it leads to *diſcontent*."

The

The fairy ended, and Elfrida, after ſincerely thanking her, returned to the caſtle with a mind deeply impreſſed by the circumſtances which had befallen her.

This ſtory, and the comments it occaſioned, employed the remainder of the evening. Emily requeſted to know why her mother objected to Helen's and Maria's hearing it, and Mrs. Wyndham explained to her the difficulty which ſuch young minds would have had to ſeparate the fiction from the truth of the ſtory.

A few days afterwards Emily and Helen were invited by a lady, who lived near them, to accompany Mrs. Wyndham to hear her concert, which ſhe had formed at her own houſe, to celebrate the birth-day

of

of her ſon; this party they anticipated with the greateſt delight; they were both extremely fond of muſic, and it formed, indeed, almoſt the only pleaſure which Helen could enjoy without imperfection; opportunities of hearing good muſic in the country are ſcarce, and thus the two girls fixed all their wiſhes for ſeveral days before on the accompliſhment of this ſcheme. They were accordingly dreſt to go, and the carriage was ordered, when a meſſage arrived from the lady to whoſe houſe they were going, ſaying, that ſhe was very ſorry it was not in her power to receive them, as ſhe had juſt heard of the death of a relation, which obliged her to renounce her intended plan for the evening. Emily immediately ſaid, "Poor "Mrs. Selwyn, how ſorry I am for her!"

and

and ſeemed to forget her own diſappointment in concern for the cauſe; but Helen directly burſt into tears, and ſeemed quite overwhelmed with mortification. Mrs. Wyndham took no notice of her for a few minutes, hoping ſhe would of herſelf overcome the impatient ſorrow into which ſhe had fallen; but perceiving ſhe indulged it, and ſullenly rejected the ſoothings of her ſiſters, ſhe ſpoke to her.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Helen, you both ſurprize and vex me! My dear child, you muſt not ſuffer yourſelf to be thus overcome by ſuch a trifle. Ceaſe crying, Helen, and ſpeak to me.

Helen, however, continued crying with great violence, and as Maria attempted to careſs

careſs and conſole her, ſhe puſhed her away with an impatient air.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Oh, I ſee you are determined to be a naughty girl; go, then, from me to the fartheſt part of the room, and when you are more quiet, and more like a reaſonable being, I will ſpeak to you again. Lead her away, Emily, if ſhe does not puſh you from her.

Theſe words ſeemed to make ſome impreſſion on Helen, but paſſion again got the better of her feelings, and ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be led from her mother, who, much hurt, deſired Emily to change her dreſs, and then, as the carriage was ready, ſhe ſhould take a ride with her, as the even-

ing

ing was delightful. Emily cheerfully obeyed, and by the time ſhe returned, Helen was once more quiet. Mrs. Wyndham then called her to her, and ſaid,

Now, Helen, tell me why you cried?

HELEN.

Becauſe, Mamma, I was ſo much diſappointed.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

But did you ſuppoſe that your tears would overcome Mrs. Selwyn's juſt reaſon for not receiving us, or oblige me to have a concert to entertain you?

HELEN.

No, Mamma, but I could not help crying.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Helen, if we ſuffer ourſelves to ſay, we cannot help being fooliſh and unreaſonable, we ſhall ſoon become really incapable of avoiding it, and thus throw away the beſt of our poſſeſſions, reaſon and ſelf-command Do you ſuppoſe Emily was not diſappointed?

HELEN.

But not ſo much as *I* was.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

How can you be ſure of that? But even allowing it to be ſo, you may ſuppoſe ſhe was ſomewhat mortified; at leaſt, then, you would have expected her to appear diſſatisfied.

HELEN.

But Emily is older than I am.

MRS.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

That is true; but if Emily, from your age, had permitted herſelf to fall into a paſſion on every diſappointment, don't you ſuppoſe by this time ſhe would have been ſtill more violent than you are? From an infant I have accuſtomed Emily to bear diſappointment patiently; and this is one inſtance out of many in which ſhe has found the advantage of it. She has neither fretted herſelf ſick, nor made me uncomfortable.

HELEN.

Have I made you uncomfortable, Mamma?

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Yes: a child can never do wrong without inflicting a pang on the heart of a parent. Beſides, in this inſtance, I have

another reaſon for being diſturbed; the fear that I have been the firſt cauſe of your impatience: knowing that your enjoyments were few, and your inconveniencies many, I have always endeavoured to increaſe the firſt, and remove the latter. I have always ſtudiouſly tried to prevent your being diſappointed of any expected pleaſure, and have even taken pains to procure them for you, knowing, after all my endeavours, how limited they ſtill muſt be!

HELEN.

Oh, Mamma how good you are!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

But, Helen, if in return for my indulgence I find that I have injured your temper, and made you incapable of bearing the unavoidable mortifications of life, ſo far

far from thinking myſelf *good*, I ſhall for ever reproach myſelf with folly and imprudence! Hitherto I have hoped I had done my duty with reſpect to my children. Oh, Helen! will *you* oblige me to endure the bitter reproaches of my own heart for having miſtaken it?

HELEN *(with eagerneſs and tears.)*

Oh never, never! Forgive me, Mamma, I will never again make you uneaſy.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

You alſo treated Maria unkindly.

HELEN.

Maria, I beg you to pardon me. Will you let me kiſs you?

MARIA *(running to her)*

Yes, my dear; I was only ſorry, not

angry with you; Mamma forgives you, ſo do not be unhappy.

HELEN.

Do you, Mamma, do you forgive me?

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Yes, Helen.

HELEN.

Call me, then, your child, and embrace me. You do not think me worthy of it! Puniſh me, Mamma, in any way you think proper, but do not refuſe to let me be your child.

MRS. WYNDHAM (*ſhedding tears.*)

Embrace me, my dear child.

HELEN

Oh, now then I am once more happy!

EMILY.

You will permit Helen to go with us, Mamma?

MRS. WYNDHAM.

No, my dear, though I have forgiven her, I cannot in juſtice remit her puniſhment; ſhe muſt remain at home.

EMILY.

Then, Mamma, ſuffer me to remain with her; I cannot enjoy any pleaſure while ſhe is unhappy.

HELEN.

Yes, go, my dear Emily, I deſerve to be puniſhed.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

That I may not deprive Emily of the pleaſure ſhe has ſo well deſerved, and as

Helen is ſo truly ſenſible of her fault, I will forget what is paſſed, and we will all go.

The children were exceſſively delighted, and, ſetting out in the higheſt ſpirits, they enjoyed their ride without any mixture of regret.

In the courſe of a day or two Mrs. Wyndham went with her eldeſt daughter to pay a viſit in the neighbourhood; there were three or four young people, and it was propoſed they ſhould ſtroll awhile in the garden; they did ſo, and on their return, Mrs. Wyndham, accuſtomed to obſerve the looks of Emily, ſaw that ſhe returned diſſatisfied with her companions, and much diſturbed at ſome-

thing

thing which had happened. When they were ſeated in the carriage to return, Mrs. Wyndham queſtioned her on the ſubject, and Emily replied thus:

It is true, Mamma, I was diſpleaſed with the behaviour of the young ladies with whom I walked.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

How, my dear?

EMILY.

When we firſt went into the garden, Miſs Darnford ſaid to me, "You'll ex-"cuſe me, Miſs Wyndham, if I walk "with Miſs Smithſon, I have not ſeen "her before to-day, and I have a great "deal to tell her."—I thought this a little ſtrange; however, I begged ſhe would

do as ſhe liked beſt; and accordingly ſhe took Miſs Smithſon by the arm, walked on with her, and entered into a long talk, laughing and ſpeaking with ſo much agitation, that I concluded ſhe muſt have met with ſomething remarkably droll and pleaſing. Miſs Martin, who walked with me, ſaid, "I think Miſs Darnford is "very rude, when one of her *friends*, as "ſhe calls them, is with her."—"She "appears," I ſaid, "to have ſomething "of conſequence to relate to Miſs Smith-"ſon."—"Nonſenſe," replied Miſs Martin, "ſhe ſaw her laſt night, and ſhe "only behaves in this way to give herſelf "an air to you of being very clever, and "very fond of her friend. As to what "ſhe has to tell her, *I'll lay you a wager* "I know it beforehand; ſhe told me be-

" fore you came a great deal about it,
" and her father would be very angry
" with her if he knew ſhe told."

MRS. WYNDHAM.

I think, Emily, as you repreſent her, Miſs Martin has a very blunt, odd, manner.

EMILY.

Oh, yes, Mamma, ſhe uſed very odd expreſſions, and I thought ſpoke ſtrangely. She told me, then, that Miſs Darnford was repeating a converſation which had paſſed before her between her father and a gentleman on ſome buſineſs, about which they had quarrelled. I was quite ſhocked to think ſhe ſhould ever mention what had paſſed in her father's houſe! By this time the ſtory was ended, and the ladies

joined us, Miſs Darnford ſaying, "Be "ſure don't mention it, Papa would "be very angry if he ſhould hear of it." They then walked with us, and Miſs Darnford began to aſk me queſtions, how I employed myſelf, whether I learnt muſic and dancing, and whenever I anſwered, I ſaw ſhe looked at Miſs Smithſon, and they both ſeemed ready to laugh, which confuſed me very much. At laſt Miſs Darnford ſaid, "So you've no gover-"neſs, and your Mamma teaches you "herſelf; well, that is very odd!"—I aſked her "Why?" and ſhe ſaid, "Oh, "I don't know, only I hear ſhe goes on "quite different from the common way, "and that you and your ſiſters are to be "*vaſtly clever!*"—Here both the ladies laughed, and Miſs Smithſon ſaid, "Well,

"thank

" thank my ſtars, my Mamma has no " ſuch whims; ſhe does not trouble her " head much about us; why they ſay, " Miſs Wyndham, that you never go out " without your Mamma; that you are " employed all day with her, and that ſhe " makes you tell her every thing you " know." I found by this time, Mamma, that theſe young people were not well educated, not very amiable, ſo I ſaid very coolly, " You are mis-informed, " my mother is incapable of *whims*, ſhe " is all goodneſs; I am never happy but " when I am with her; and as to telling " all I know, I never knew any thing " with which ſhe is not acquainted."— " What," ſaid Miſs Darnford, " do you " tell her the ſecrets your friends truſt " you with?"—I told her " I was too

" young

"young to be entruſted with ſecrets of "any importance, and that I had no par- "ticular friends out of my own family." —"How, no friends!" ſaid Miſs Darnford, adding, in an affected tone, "poor "thing! How unhappy you muſt be! "Oh, I pity you, ſince you never knew "the delight of *perfect confidence*."— "Pardon me," I ſaid, "I talk with per- "fect confidence to my mother!"— "Oh," ſaid ſhe, "that is impoſſible." And here, Mamma, the converſation was ſtopped by our being called into the houſe. But will you explain to me why theſe young ladies behaved ſo ſtrangely?

MRS. WYNDHAM.

I can do that eaſily, but it will take up ſome time, ſince almoſt every word they

ſpoke

ſpoke contained ſome falſe principle. I knew ſomething of the character of Miſs Darnford, and had you been a year younger, or your principles leſs fixed, I ſhould not have permitted you to walk with them. In the firſt part of her behaviour to her *friend*, (a name abuſed by ſuch an application) Miſs Darnford ſhewed great want of good-breeding, for politeneſs forbids us, if ever ſo much attached, to ſingle out the object of our *affections*, as the ſole object of our *attention* in any party; even if we are with two people whom we love in different degrees, we are not permitted to mortify that perſon we love leaſt, by exceſſive marks of attachment to the perſon we love moſt; a real friendſhip needs not theſe conſtant teſtimonies of love, it truſts in its friend, and believes her

her incapable of miſconſtruing our attention to others. We ought, then, never to let any perſon have reaſon to believe they are in our way, or that we wiſh their abſence, becauſe both humanity and politeneſs forbid us to mortify any perſon ſo ſeverely, who certainly has not deſerved it of us.

EMILY.

I underſtand you, Mamma, and am quite of your opinion.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

In the next place you may obſerve in Miſs Darnford, an inſtance of that hateful *exaggeration*, againſt which I have ſo often warned you. At thirteen (Miſs Darnford's age) it is not poſſible that the character ſhould be ſufficiently formed,

the

the underſtanding enough enlightened, to admit of our chooſing a real *friend*. At that age, in general, the imagination has moſt power. A fine face, an intereſting figure, are recommendations ſufficiently powerful to win the heart. Some young people are brought up, particularly at ſchools, with the idea that they muſt form an intimacy with ſome one; thus they ſelect the firſt perſon who pleaſes their fancy, her only recommendation, perhaps, what they call being very *good natured*; they tell her all they know; they detach themſelves from their family; its ſecrets, if they can learn them, are divulged; a thouſand ill conſequences follow, of which you will one day, my dear Emily, be more ſenſible than I can make you now. When you ſhall be of age to judge, do

not

not ſuppoſe I ſhall object to your forming a ſtrict intimacy with any one, whom you ſhall then believe worthy of your eſteem; at preſent I hope your mother is your friend.

EMILY.

Oh, the beſt, the deareſt of my friends, ſhe muſt always be ſo!

MRS. WYNDHAM.

You muſt have ſeen in Miſs Darnford enough to diſguſt you with that ridiculous affectation of friendſhip which at her age cannot exiſt. Young people are too apt to deceive themſelves on this point; they find the deceit at laſt, and the next perſon they ſee at all agreeable, ſupplies the place of the diſcarded friend; they have choſen lightly, again are deceived,

and

and again change their connection. Thus they contract a habit of fickleneſs and caprice; they learn to exaggerate their feelings, the moſt dangerous of all errors. They never conſult their reaſon, never aſk themſelves whether they really love her whom they call their *friend*, whether they are capable of painful ſacrifices for her ſake, whether they really eſteem her character. Theſe are the only proofs of *real* friendſhip, and judge, then, whether falſe intimacy and confidence are worthy of the name.

EMILY.

Oh, ſurely not! Beſides, what becomes of the diſcarded friend? She muſt think herſelf very ill-treated.

MRS.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Certainly; ſhe did not, perhaps, ſeek the connection, it was forced upon her; if ſhe is ungenerous, finding herſelf thus diſmiſſed, ſhe believes herſelf at liberty to repeat all that has been ſaid to her. At leaſt ſhe makes the young perſon ridiculous, and if, like Miſs Darnford, ſhe has dared to diſcloſe the affairs of her family, think what dreadful conſequences may enſue. How many quarrels, how much hatred, how many horrid events, have flowed from theſe ill-judged connections! If, fearing theſe, a young perſon acts more *prudently*, and does not diſcard the *friend* ſhe no longer loves, think what miſery ſhe has propoſed for herſelf, to live in habits of intimacy which ſhe dares not break, with a perſon ſhe has no regard for,

whom,

whom, perhaps, her better judgement even obliges her to deſpiſe! If the ſame lightneſs and inconſtancy be carried to a more advanced age (as it frequently is) when people have affairs of their own, think what miſchief it muſt do!

EMILY.

I am convinced of the neceſſity of chuſing a friend with attention and caution, and I thank you, Mamma, a thouſand times, for ſaving me from this falſe ſenſibility.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

I think you need no caution to warn you againſt ever repeating any thing you hear in your father's houſe. A child, whoſe lips are not ſealed reſpecting all that reaches her of family affairs and opinions,

nions, is the moſt dangerous enemy of her connections: ſhe is unſuſpected, no one believes her capable of ſo great an imprudence or ſo black a treachery, and thus to do much evil is put into her power. As to what the young ladies ſaid of me and my plan of education, you have ſenſe enough to pity it, as ariſing only from that thoughtleſs folly which very often induces weak minds to form a haſty deciſion on what they cannot comprehend.

EMILY.

At leaſt, Mamma, I ſhall draw one advantage from this viſit. I ſhall learn that it is my beſt and ſafeſt way always to tell you all that appears ſtrange to me, and ſo to preſerve myſelf from the bad effects of ill example.

MRS.

MRS. WYNDHAM.

Such an obſervation does you credit, my dear; to draw the beſt inſtruction we can, from any event, is always wiſe and good. Do not tell what has paſſed to Helen and Maria, they are too young to underſtand it. Tell them only that you walked in the garden, and that you did not much like your viſit.

In regular attendance on their ſeveral ſtudies, the Wyndhams paſſed the ſummer; however, for the firſt time, they ſaw the approach of winter, without regret, as the oculiſt, whoſe advice they had taken, gave them hopes that by that time he ſhould be able to perform an operation on Helen's eyes, which would, if any thing could, reſtore her to ſight. We may

may judge of the extreme anxiety the whole family awaited this important period; they took care not to inform Helen of their hopes, leſt they ſhould be diſappointed, and ſhe ſhould be more dejected than before. The autumn they ſpent very agreeably, enjoying the ſettled ſerenity of the weather and the different ſcenes of harveſt and fruit-gathering, in all of which the children were permitted to aſſiſt. At the end of October the whole family went to London, and in a week after that, Helen was to ſubmit to the deciſive operation, from which they all hoped ſo much. Her mother, with infinite feeling and tenderneſs, prepared her for it, and received her promiſe to ſit patiently and quietly. The day arrived, and the anxious family aſſembled to wit-

neſs the event, Charlotte Neville and Maria excepted, whoſe vivacity, they feared, would interrupt the ſurgeon. Mrs. Wyndham, alike unable to ſee the operation, or to quit the room, retired to one end of it, trembling, pale, her hands and her heart liſted up to God, but concealing her face on the ſhoulder of Arthur, whoſe arms were thrown round his mother, while his tears fell faſt on her cheek. Emily, ſtruggling with the extreme agitation of her mind, but by a ſtrong effort compoſed, knelt with her eyes fixed on Helen, and one of her arms round her waiſt, while the other hand held both the hands of Helen. It is not poſſible to deſcribe the conflicting emotions which were viſible on her countenance; hope, fear, tenderneſs, and devotion, were

mingled in her eyes, which were now raiſed to Heaven, now fixed on her ſiſter, and at intervals ſeeking to penetrate the thoughts of the operator. Mr. Wyndham ſtood on the other ſide of Helen, exhorting her to have courage, yet feeling on his heart every touch of the inſtrument which the ſkilful and tender oculiſt applied to the eyes of the patient, quiet Helen; behind whoſe chair ſtood two female ſervants; hardly dared they breathe, leſt they ſhould interrupt or diſcompoſe the patient or the ſurgeon. In about ten minutes Helen gave a faint ſhriek, and exclaimed——"Ah, my God! What "is this! *Do I ſee!*"—At this exclamation Mrs. Wyndham roſe ſuddenly; but, unable to endure her ſenſations, ſhe fainted. Mr. Wyndham by a ſign requeſted Emily

not

not to quit her ſiſter, and ran to ſupport his wife, whom, with Arthur's aſſiſtance, they conveyed out of the room. Emily, her complexion changing every inſtant from white to crimſon, the tears ſtreaming down her cheeks, could no longer ſuppreſs her anxiety.—"Oh, Sir," ſhe ſaid, "does ſhe ſee?"—"Huſh," replied the ſurgeon, and Emily was again ſilent. Helen exclaimed in broken words; but the ſurgeon, having finiſhed the operation, with the help of the ſervants, covered her eyes, and forbade them to remove the bandage, as every thing depended on her not being ſuffered to uſe her eyes.

EMILY.

To uſe her eyes! Does ſhe then ſee?

SURGEON.

Yes, I am ſure of it. But, my good young lady, you are too much diſturbed.

SERVANT.

Miſs Emily, don't cry ſo, pray don't.

HELEN.

Ah, this is Emily who weeps ſo! Do not my dear Emily; I ſhall ſee in time. I had ſuch an odd thought juſt now, I ſeemed to feel ſomething with my eyes.

Juſt then Mr. Wyndham returned. Emily, riſing, threw herſelf into his arms. "Ah, my dear Sir," ſhe whiſpered, "Helen will ſee; ſhe has ſeen! But my "mother"—"Go to your mother, my "dear," ſaid Mr. Wyndham, "ſhe is "better, but unable to return hither; "com-

" compoſe yourſelf, and prevail on her " to be compoſed."

Emily then flew to her mother; ſhe told her what had paſſed, and in about ten minutes they were both compoſed enough to return to Helen, whom they found lying on her own bed, with all the windows cloſed. The ſurgeon ordered that ſhe ſhould be kept in darkneſs ſome days, and light be admitted only by degrees: he beſtowed on Emily the higheſt praiſes, for the united ſenſibility and fortitude ſhe had ſhewn. " This," ſaid he, " is true ſenſibility; in the courſe of my " practice I witneſs ſo much affectation, " ſo much exaggerated feeling; I ſee " people unable to attend their neareſt " connections when it is abſolutely ne-

" ceſſary; running away from ſcenes of " pain and inconvenience, with ſo much " ſelfiſhneſs, as quite ſickens me ſome- " times of *ſenſibility*. But you, my dear " Miſs Wyndham, have reconciled me " to it, ſince I perceive you make it aſſiſt- " ant to, not deſtructive of your duties. " Such ſcenes as that of to-day ſeldom " occur; nothing could be more trying, " and it might very well have happened " that a delicate frame had ſunk under " the exertions of a ſtrong mind. What " I principally allude to, is the common " practice of people, who run from the " ſick beds of thoſe whom they ought to " ſoothe and comfort, becauſe, truly, they " cannot bear to ſee them ſuffer!"— " That," ſaid Mrs. Wyndham, " is ex- " actly what I have always warned

"Emily againſt. True ſenſibility is ac-
"tive and uſeful; falſe tenderneſs ener-
"vates the mind, and renders its beſt
"wiſhes unavailing."

In the courſe of a few days light was gradually admitted into the apartments of Helen, and ſhe was ſuffered to *ſee* thoſe dear friends to whom ſhe owed ſo much. But no deſcription can do juſtice to the circumſtances of their meeting, nor can any idea be given of the delight with which ſhe gazed on the countenances of her mother and ſiſter. By degrees ſhe became familiar with the objects about her, which at firſt ſhe knew not how to avoid in walking acroſs the room; nor was it for ſome time ſhe could enjoy the beauties of nature, ſcarcely underſtanding the

the meaning of her own ſenſations. By degrees, however, her mind became more compoſed, and the ſight of the ſun, the ſtars, the clouds, a river, or a flower, were to her a ſource of delight for hours; her genius expanded, and her mind was ſo ſtruck by theſe objects, at once ſo new and ſo intereſting, that every one obſerved her thoughts were more ſublime and her language more expreſſive than thoſe of other people. Even the ſingularity of her expreſſions, the eagerneſs of her geſtures, were intereſting.

The reſtoration of her ſight completed the happineſs of her amiable family; when her eyes were ſufficiently ſtrengthened to admit of it, ſhe learnt rapidly to write and read; and for painting, ſhe diſcovered a

genius

genius ſo remarkable, as induced her father to give her the beſt maſters. In both portraits and landſcapes ſhe ſucceeded wonderfully. Attached with enthuſiaſm to her parents and ſiſters, ſhe never forgot their cares in her helpleſs ſtate. If they were ſick, ſhe devoted herſelf to them, ſaying frequently, "Oh, can I "ever repay your attention to me when "*I was blind!*"

Emily remained ſtill the ſame excellent character. She attended entirely to the education of Charlotte Neville, who became all ſhe could wiſh her. Arthur and Maria in the ſame manner fulfilled the wiſhes of their parents.

Proſ-

Prosperity and peace to the end of their lives attended this amiable family, who were constantly employed in the performance of their several duties, and whose goodness was recompenced by as much felicity as this life is capable of receiving.

THE END.

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